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BRILLIANT WOMAN.

(ann Van Etten Collins

—BY—

HOLDRIDGE OZRO COLLINS, A. M., LL. B.

Member of "Society of Colonial Wars," "Sons of the Revolution,"
"Society of the War of 1812."

ἀλλ' ὅμως
τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὄμματ' ἥδιστον βλέπειν.

Oedipus Tyrannus.

"There shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

"Let Wisdom be my only teacher, Love my only governor, and Truth my only Savior."

LOS ANGELES.
W. A. VANDERCOOK, PRINTER AND ENGRAVER,
1892.

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Nostra Tuebimur Ipsi.

To Mrs. A. V. E. Collins,

Whose Literary Labors in Behalf of the Orphans and the Poor have Excited the Admiration of the Author.

All is not dark, tho' Fancy's star hath faded,
And seldom shines but in the distant past,
For Genius round a daughter's brow hath braided
Gems, that lustre o'er our pathway cast.

Magic music, round about us ringing,
Recalls the thoughts of Fancy's brightest days
When youthful muses, by seraphic singing,
Enchanted all the earth with heavenly lays.

To thee, the muses their best gifts have given,
And filled thy soul with songs and thoughts sublime,
And opened to thee vistas bright of Heaven,
That rise beyond the gloomy walls of Time.

Sweet interpreter of fond emotions,
Meek-eyed Pity's minister on earth,
Whose voice hath stilled dark sorrow's wild commotions,
And cheered cold hunger's face with smiling mirth.

Unlock the springs that in thy heart are gushing,
And let the streams of thy sweet fancy flow,
'Till hearts that now with parching drouth are flushing,
Bathe in its waters and with brightness glow.

Let thy magic pen direct the movement,
To rouse and thrill the youthful and the old,
Who deeply slumber on without improvement,
Or let their hearts grow callous, dark and cold.

Teach them to kiss the faded wreath of sorrow
'Till back comes fluttering life and vernal green
And the clear promise of a better morrow,
Shining in the orient, is seen.

Genius is dowered with privilege immortal
O'er the wastes of Time to stretch its hand,
And with a touch unfold the glittering portal
Of a celestial and enchanted land.

Toledo Daily Commercial, January 29, 1858.

I.

Hath had good ancestors.
Cymbeline.

ANN VAN ETTEN, the youngest of the ten children of Anthony Van Etten, Jr., and Jemima Cuddeback, his wife, was born at Owasco, Cayuga county, New York, June 12, 1819.

Her father and mother were both descended from ancestors distinguished in the early Colonial history of New York. Her father was great-great-grandson of Jacob Jansen Van Etten, who emigrated to New Netherland from Etten, North Brabrant, Holland, about 1660, and was married at Esopus or Kingston, Ulster county, on January 4, 1665, to Annetje Adriance.

Their oldest child, Jan Van Etten, was born in 1666, and in 1690 he married Jannetje Roosa, daughter of Arie Roosa and Maria Pels. Jan lived and died in Ulster county, and had two boys and eight girls. His older son was Jacob, born at Hurley, in 1696, who married in 1719, Antje Westbrook, daughter of Johannes Westbrook, an "Associator" and Captain of Militia in the Revolutionary War.

Anthony Van Etten, Sr., the fourth child of Jacob and Antje Van Etten, was born at Napenoch, Ulster county, in 1726, and he married in 1750 Annatje, or Hannah Decker, great-granddaughter of the immigrant Jan Broersen Dekker, and granddaughter of Harmanus Van Inwegen, distinguished in the settlement of Minisink Valley.

Soon after his marriage, Anthony, Sr., moved to Peenpack in the Minisink Valley, now Deerpark, Orange county. He had received a good education, and he accumulated quite a large estate, for those days. He became a Justice of the Peace of the old county of Orange, which office he held to the end of his life. He was an "Associator," and a Captain in the Colonial Army during the Revolutionary War. His life was the price of his active loyalty to the cause of freedom. He was assassinated by Tories. "His widow survived him many years. She was a short, strong woman, of good constitution, an affectionate mother

and an agreeable neighbor, sociable and much addicted to humorous conversation, and often told funny occurrences of former times."

Their youngest son, Anthony Van Etten, Jr., was born in Deerpark, March 30, 1779, and was married at that place on April 26, 1801, to Jemima Cuddeback, and in 1803, after the birth of his first child, Hannah, he moved to Cayuga county where he purchased a large farm and where all of his other children were born. He was a man of considerable mental ability, strong will, and great energy, and he took the lead in all matters pertaining to the public welfare in his neighborhood. The edifice of the Reformed Dutch Church of Owasco was erected principally through his efforts, and his love of country impelled him to enlist in the war of 1812. He became Sergeant in Capt. Daniel Carter's Co. in Col. Philetus Swift's Regiment, N. Y. Troops, and he served at Black Rock. After his discharge he was made a Lieutenant in the New York Militia and his widow drew a pension from the United States by reason of his services in the war of 1812.

Jemima Cuddeback, his wife, was of French descent, her ancestors being Louis and Abraham DuBois and Christian Deyo, three of the twelve patentees of New Paltz; Roeloff Swartwout the first "Schout" or Sheriff of Ulster county, under Peter Stuyvestant; David Provoost, who came to the New Netherlands in 1638, and Thomas Swartwout, and Jacob Caudebec, two of the seven patentees of Minisink, all of whom with the exception of the Swartwouts, were Huguenots who escaped from the persecutions in France, and found a home in the Dutch Colonies, where there was freedom for their own religion.

The families of DuBois and Provost, or Provoost, were among the oldest of the nobility of France. Their genealogy, Arms and Crests may be found in all reliable works on Heraldry.

Jacob Caudebec belonged to a merchant family, of Caudebec, Normandy, in its prosperous days. Upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, with a companion named Pierre Guimar, he effected his escape from France, and after numerous vicissi-

tudes he arrived at New York, where he obtained employment from the merchant, Benjamin Provoost, son of David.

In personal appearance Jacob Caudebec was tall and muscular with black curly hair, blue eyes, and fair skin, which characteristics were inherited by his descendants to a marked degree. He had been well educated, had an acute and penetrating mind, and he was a man well calculated to overcome difficulties, and being of an independent disposition, he was not content to remain in any subordinate situation. Dissolving his business relations with Provoost, in company with Guimar, Thomas Swartwout, and five other adventurous spirits, about the year 1690 he traversed the then unexplored wilderness of Orange county, and finally settled in the Minisink Valley at a place called Peenpack, now known as Deerpark. This was the first settlement of Orange county, and was effected only after those hardships and privations of which the present generation can have no experience in our country.

"Caudebec and Guimar were of families who were in comfortable circumstances of life, and they had been brought up without doing any manual labor. It was said that their hands were so soft and tender when they first came to America, that they blistered and bled when they first labored for a living in this country."

In 1695, at the Old Dutch Church in New York, Jacob Caudebec was married to Margaret, daughter of his employer, Benjamin Provoost, whom he took to the new home he had founded in the Minisink Valley.

His strong character, promptness to meet all emergencies, and commanding abilities, placed him at the head of this little community. As the settlers became permanently located it was necessary for them to procure a title to the land they desired to occupy. They selected Caudebec, as the most proper person to accomplish this object, and he proceeded to New York, where he obtained from Governor Andros, on October 14, 1697, a patent to the seven original settlers, for 1,200 acres of land. "Caudebec, Guimar and Thomas Swartwout were the only three of the original seven settlers who remained in the present town of Deerpark, and they became the owners of the land granted by the patent."

Jacob Caudebec lived to be one hundred years old and retained his faculties to the end of his life. "His character, in relation to what has been mentioned respecting his mental ability, has been inherited from generation to generation by some of his descendants to the present time." "Caudebec was the reverse of Guimar in respect to his business transactions, and more tender towards his children. He had much of a speculative disposition, and aimed at getting a living by easier means than that of steady manual labor."

His second child, born in 1704, was William Cuddeback, (the Dutch phonetic spelling of Caudebec,) who was a remarkable man in many respects. "He was of somewhat over six feet in stature, coarse-boned, muscular, and lean. He was strong and very nimble, and could outrun many young men after he was fifty. In the French War, after his hair had begun to turn gray, he outran a soldier who thought himself swift. He was very talkative and witty, and he never had his equal in Deerpark for humorous discourse and a display of wit properly and suitably applied. He was characterized as a wise man in his time." He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Revolutionary War, in which most of his sons served as officers or privates.

His wife, whom he married in 1733, was Jacomyntje, or Jemima, Elting, granddaughter of Jan Elting the immigrant and great-granddaughter of Louis DuBois and Christian Deyo of Ulster county.

Benjamin, the third son of William and Jacomyntje Cuddeback, born in 1747, was also noted for his great physical strength. During the Revolutionary War he was a member of a company of Orange County Militia commanded by his brother, Captain Abraham Cuddeback, and he distinguished himself by his courageous defense at the siege of Fort DeWitt. He married Catherine Van Vliet (or Van Fliet), granddaughter of the immigrant Jan Van Vliet and Judith Hussey, and their daughter Jemima, born at Deerpark, August 10, 1783, was the wife of Anthony Van Etten, Jr., and the mother of Ann Van Etten.

II.

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

These trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character.
As You Like It.

ANN VAN ETTEN was but one year and nine months older than her oldest nephew, and was born but one year and seven months prior to the death of her father, a circumstance which caused her always to be regarded with so much tenderness by the members of the family.

As her brothers and sisters married and settled in new homes, Thomas and Levi purchased their shares of the farm, and after the marriage of her next older sister, Mary, in 1837, she remained for six years, until her marriage, in 1843, the sole unmarried daughter, and companion of her mother and brothers Thomas and Levi.

She was physically a delicate child and a fragile woman, but she was gifted with a mind of unusual acuteness, and at a very early age she gave evidence of that mental superiority which distinguished her until her death. In those days of hard labor for the farmer, her share of her father's estate was insufficient to pay the expenses of the education she craved, and it was not until she was twenty years old that, through the help of her mother and the generosity of her brothers Levi and Thomas, was she able to enter upon a thorough course of study in music and the higher branches as taught at that time in the best female seminaries in New York. In 1837, her brother Levi and Wm. Howard, husband of her sister Asenath, attempted to establish a saw-mill near the mouth of the Ausable river, in the northern part of the southern peninsula of Michigan, and in a spirit of adventurous curiosity she went to that comparatively unknown wilderness to live with them.

During the year of her residence in this place, with no white companions within fifty miles, other than her brother and brother-in-law, and surrounded by Indians who were frequently menacing towards these intruders upon their domain, she acquired those

habits of independence and self reliance which had a marked effect upon her future life. She learned to shoot the rifle with accuracy, and she was initiated into all the secrets of the stream and forest by her Indian neighbors, with whom she soon became a favorite, by reason of her many acts of kindness to their squaws and little ones. In one of her letters to her mother, describing her experiences in the forest, she says:

"My Indian name is Che-she-yo-an-o-quay."

The name literally signifies "the fleeting woman," or "the woman quick in motion," and this descriptive term was applied to her by her Indian neighbors as being significant of the impression made upon them by her picturesque energy.

IN the summer of 1837, a company of merchants was organized in New York for the purpose of establishing at Sault Ste. Marie a bank and a trading post for furs, and they employed as their agent to penetrate this wilderness a young man named Ozro Collins, living near Waterbury, Connecticut. His father was the owner of a foundry, machine shops, and manufactory of farming implements, of which Ozro was the manager, and the ability and energy shown in the control of his father's commercial transactions, which were quite extensive for those days, in that part of Connecticut, warranted the trust reposed in him for the organization and establishment of a mercantile house whose principal object was barter with the Indians on the borders of civilization.

He reached Detroit in the spring of 1838, from which place, after having provided himself with the necessary supplies and traveling equipment for his difficult overland passage, through snow and ice, on the eleventh day of March he commenced his perilous journey to Sault Ste. Marie by way of Mackinac. He kept a diary of the experiences of his progress which would be attractive reading even to those having no interest in the persons named in this monograph. In all the difficulties and hardships of that passage, while ploughing through the snow, crossing riv-

ers, creeks and bays on the ice, or forcing a way over the highlands and ridges of Thunder Bay, through the pines and hemlocks, the peculiarities of the country were observed, and the future prosperity of that region in its lumber and fishing wealth was noted.

In this region, far remote from the comforts of civilization, whose inhabitants were principally the Ottawa and Chippewa or Ojibwa aboriginees, who believed themselves the owners of the country, and that all white people were trespassers and their oppressors, occurred the meeting of those two souls whose future lives were decreed to flow together in one stream of love and happiness.

Extracts are made from so much of that journal of Ozro Collins as are pertinent to the story of Ann Van Etten.

* * * * *

"Started in the morning before breakfast on the 20th (March), found good ice about six miles around Auxsable Point, to the north of Auxsable or Sand river, where we had the misfortune to fall through the ice after traveling some twenty or thirty rods on ice that was like honey-comb. I was driving at the time and when the horse fell through I sprang from the sley and crawled on the ice to *terra firma* footing. It was about three-quarters of an hour before we got our horse extricated from the cold bath, the water being about four feet deep and the ice most of the way to the shore, a distance of about three rods, so thick the horse could not move till we chopped a row to the shore. Our provisions consisted of hard bread and pork; the former when extricated was like do'. Blankets and baggage were like clothing that had wintered under the ice. After extricating our horse and baggage we started for Mr. Levi Van Etten's about three miles up the River, where we arrived about half past ten o'clock, all safe and sound, nothing lost with the exception of our spider, the only cooking utensil we were in possession of, found a comfortable house, a fine young lady all alone. She reported that she had been alone for eighteen days, saw no white person in that

time. Her brother who was living with her had gone a journey of about one-hundred miles and returned the same evening, the only two white people within forty or fifty miles. They were formerly from the State of New York. There are parts of a tribe of Chippewas and some of the Ottawas in this vicinity who are very friendly. At this place we spent the day, repaired our sley, dried our baggage and bread and partook of a sumptuous breakfast and dinner all under one, took supper, which was cooked by a white young female, a rare article in this country, and then retired once more under a comfortable ruff. In the morning, after a comfortable night's rest and refreshing ourselves on the luxuries of the country, we started at ten o'clock, Wednesday 21st; warm and cloudy." * * * * "22d, we got ready and started about half past six o'clock, took the beach, all the while looking for and expecting good ice soon, certainly when we came to Thunder Bay. We traveled in this way about eight miles till we came around the Point into Thunder Bay, and to our utter astonishment and disappointment we found the ice all broken up, even to the edge of the cedars, scarcely room for a man to travel on the beach. Here we held council and all very readily agreed that the horse and sley could go no further. Therefore our old friend and companion, Wahskin Dip or White Heron, with his horse and train, was to return to Mr. Van Etten and on account of the failure of one of my boots, it was thought best for me to accompany him back and lay up for repairs, while my two companions were to take their packs and continue on their journey.

"All things got ready, our friends started with downcast looks, low spirits and heavy hearts, with their provisions and blankets at their backs, while we were making preparations to return. At ten o'clock we were on the road; passed through the same trials we had experienced the day previous and arrived at Mr. Van Etten's about seven o'clock, with a used up horse and ditto ourselves. Soon we had set before us that, which no country could surpass, cooked by the same friendly and amiable young lady we

left on the morning of the 21st, (Mackinaw trout) and soon after retired."

* * * * * *

"28th, cloudy, north wind and from Canada shore. Rigged up our boat and made preparations for putting out to sea.

"A short description of the place where I have resided for the last week and its inhabitants. This place is up the Auxsable river, about three miles from the lake, on a branch of the main stream, at the foot of a small lake about four miles long, where there is a powerful water privilege. This lake is surrounded by pine timber of different kinds, some of the finest kind, the white pine, large and clear from knots, the Norway pine is straight, good size and clear from knots. At the foot of this lake a dam has been commenced three times, which has washed away as often. The bottom consists of sand alone, not a stone in the country, no materials but brush and timber to build with. Two gentlemen by the name of Levi Van Etten and Wm. Howard, have commenced building a saw-mill, which soon after raising was undermined and fell into the river below. These gentlemen were from the State of New York, from Owasco, Cayuga county. Mr. Van Etten has a sister by the name of Ann Van Etten, about nineteen years of age. She came in company with her brother-in-law's sister, who staid with her about two months and then returned to the State of New York. Since that time she has been alone for about ten months, and according to her declaration, has seen no white female in that time. She has had from three to eight and ten in the family to cook for, etc. There is no white inhabitant within forty or fifty miles of this place, no settlement except a few scattering Indians of the Chippeway tribe who live by hunting and fishing and making sugar in the season, which last the squaws manufacture. Some of them clean and nice, while others are dirty and filthy in this performance as well as all others.

* * * * *

"Sunday, April 1st, 1838, cold north wind. Staid at home, read the Good Book, etc." * * * * "3d, north

wind which prevented us from starting." * * * *
"4th, fine morning. Put to sea at five o'clock; rowed about twenty miles, took dinner and raised our sail. Sailed at the rate of from four to five knots the hour, wind continued until we had sailed about twenty-five m. further and then died away while we were in Thunder Bay about five miles from Sulphur Island. We once more took the oar and pulled to the island, and camped for the night."

IN May, Miss Van Etten started for New York, and during the following summer she received a letter from Mr. Collins, who had also returned to his home in Connecticut. She answered the letter upon a delicate sheet of birch bark from the forests of Michigan, a memento of their meeting under the shadows of

"The Oak, the Elm, and the bonnie Birch tree,
which "all grow up in the North Countrie."

Her reply will be interesting as it contains an account of her journey back to her mother.

"OWASCO, Sep. 3d, 1838.

"MISTER COLLINS: Allow me in the silent language of the pen to converse a little with you and offer an apology for not writing or rather sending you a letter before now, since you would not permit me to do so personally.

"I received your unexpected but nevertheless pleasant letter the third of July. I was glad to learn that your troublesome although interesting journey was not again delayed by the failure of your boot. You probably remember the same day you left, meeting two men from Thunder Bay Island, who were on their way to the Sable. They got there the next day and said they should not be surprised to hear you were all drowned. They said they would not ride in your situation for a dollar a minute. They were on a visit, stayed only one week and returned a few days after. Levi left with an Indian in a boat for Saginaw, was gone eight days. He returned bringing with him a white man whom he had hired to work. We left our dwelling about sun-down on the 12fth of May, and camped on Lake Huron

shore opposite the house. Started next morning, which was all fair, but without much wind, they, Levi and his man were obliged to row the boat most of the day. I think we passed the island you mentioned about sundown and camped in as convenient a spot as nature could, in that country, afford. We arrived next day, about noon, at the inhabited island, where we remained about three weeks, and where Levi received a letter from you, by Charley. I had flattered myself that I could live anywhere contented, but it was not so. I had thought the squaws equal in filth to any woman, but on this island I found myself mistaken. They wanted to be kind, but I thought them worse than savage. By a second attempt, Levi and I effected an escape from them the first of June. We got on board of a vessel, where we remained until the third, when a steamboat passed the vessel at the entrance of St. Clair River, on board of which we got in the morning and arrived at Detroit at sun-down, where we met two of our brothers who had been there waiting for us a week. One was on his return home from Illinois, and the other who had started for Thunder Bay had detained him to accompany me home, not knowing that Howard would come. Levi then got your other letter directed to Howard which he read and gave to me to give to Howard, which I did. I know not the reason of their not writing to you, nor does it belong to me to excuse the business for them. I did write to you, but before I had an opportunity of taking my letter to the office, it was too late to reach Mackinaw by the first of August.

"As I was coming down the lake, Howard was going up. He saw Levi in Detroit only about fifteen minutes, as L. was ready to leave for Thunder Island. I had a beautiful journey all the way from the Sable home. I got in Auburn about half an hour before Howard, on the ninth of June.

" My hopes of going to school are blasted, and I am at home, much flattered (if such a thing were possible).

" Levi came home the 21st of last month, and left the 31st, for the island. When he was in Buffalo, he learned that Mr. Canfield had gone to New York.

"If the scrabling on this bark perplex you no more than your letter did me, (if it would not be too much trouble) I should be pleased to hear from you. My letter is dreadfully long, and I know not how to shorten it than by subscribing myself,

A. VAN ETTEN."

"MR. OZRO COLLINS,
STRAITSVILLE,
NEW HAVEN CO.,
CONNECTICUT."

Her brother Levi remained at Ausable, and established an extensive fishing station, and by his liberality, seconded by the affectionate aid of her mother and brother Thomas, all financial diffculties in the way of her securing a higher education were surmounted and in January, 1840, she was happily and pleasantly located at the Ontario Female Seminary, in Canandaigua. Her letters written from this place in 1840 and in 1841, show how she overtaxed her physical energies "pulling at the fifth, sixth and seventh books of Davies Legender," and other branches of science, art and literature, among which Paley's Theology had a prominent place.

In a letter dated February, 1842, wherein there is a delightful mixture of wit, playful sarcasm and sententious philosophy, she writes to a friend "you probably are enjoying yourself * * with Miss Edgworth and novels as they come to your hands. But, what is that to be compared with the delights of Geometry. I advise you by all means, if you would enjoy the realities of life, to repair to this place."

In June she was again home, her school life ended, and realizing "that the bright and fanciful imaginations of youth must give place to the serious reflections of experience and womanhood."

Two years later, October 23d, 1843, she gave her future to the keeping of him who had won her regard in the far Michigan forest home, cheerfully surrendering for his sake all of the associations that had entwined themselves so closely around her heart, to take up a new life, in different surroundings, and among

people strange to her in their social intercourse, their domestic customs and their religious convictions.

On November 5th, 1843, she wrote to her mother a graphic account of her wedding trip and arrival at her husband's home in Straitsville, New Haven County, Conn., and relating the impressions made upon her by her surroundings and new relations in the following words:

"I have not written to any one except Martin and Catherine since I have been here. I thought I would wait till I became somewhat acquainted, so that I should not need to contradict what I wrote, in my next letter. But I still feel quite incompetent to give you a correct idea of how I am situated and the individuals who are to be my associates. Mr. Collins' father and mother are very different from what I had thought. Aside from them I have not been disappointed. They live in a large old fashioned house, I think I have been told 'tis thirty by sixty feet on the ground, I've not been in all the rooms, but, what I have seen are comfortably furnished, nothing grand or extravagant. * * * I have been out but once and that was in the evening but a very short distance, at Jane's, as they call her, Orville Collins' widow. She has five pretty children, three boys and two girls. Mr. Collins' brother Sheldon keeps a public house about eight miles from here. I saw him part of one afternoon. * * * He talks a great deal more and much faster than Mr. Collins. * * * Mr. Collins' father is fifty eight years old; he is very smartish, up early and late, works very hard, wears old clothes, his hair is a little gray, wears whiskers, is about the size of Jake Van Etten, talks very fast, stammers a great deal, asks blessings at the table when he's there (which is not often) and prays mornings after reading a chapter. His mother (I call her mother now for you know 'tis the fashion) is about the size of Mrs. DeWitt's mother. Her every day caps are like Mrs. Winkoop's in every respect. She wears a dark colored or black underhandkerchief about the neck, and calico dresses, mourning calico; they are not as long as yours, but very handy to work in. She goes ahead in all the

business and does more work in a day than an ordinary woman would do in a week. She spins, and knits, and sews, and cooks, and washes, and irons, and sweeps, and makes beds and mops. 'O Lord what a fuss.' * * * Mr. Collins is very much engaged in business. Has a little at the stores, a little at the grist mill, a little at the foundry and a little on the farm. O, I forgot the Post Office. In the spring he intends to start a new business, that of converting malleable iron into steel, which will employ from ten to twenty hands. * * * Mr. Collins' parents are very kind and indulgent. * * * Mother Collins makes first-rate bread, and cake too, of wheat flour. They are never out of wheat flour, and her bread is as white and good as any I ever ate. * * * She is the best cook I ever knew."

In another letter she asks her mother to try and induce a negro woman Isabel, who had been a slave of the family and her nurse when a child, to give her one of her children.

"I want you to see Isabel about her little Ellen. You know she often told me she would give me one of her children as soon as I was married, but not as long as I was a maid. If she will let me have Ellen, when I visit Owasco I'll bring her on with me and she shall be better taken care of, and better brought up than her mother, with all her other children, can do for her. I'll keep her till she is eighteen or twenty-one, and so much longer as she is pleased to stay with me. She would be better pleased to grow up in Straitsville, at the foot of high mountains, among these trees and gardens, and walks, and pebbled brooks, and wild berries on the hill side, than she would at any home in Owasco, because it is handsomer. Handsomer in winter and of course must be in summer. * * * * There are two other young brides and bridegrooms in this place. They go and return from Church locked arms, while Mr. Collins and I go almost Indian file. What inconvenience to have received part of one's education in the woods."

III.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.
Essay on Man.

The steep and thorny way to heaven.
Hamlet.

OZRO COLLINS was descended from the earliest Puritan settlers of Connecticut, his ancestors being the families of Collins, of New Haven; Beebe, of New London; Lewis and Borden, of Lyme; Wooster, and Rev. John Bowers, who graduated from Harvard College in 1649, of Derby; Tomlinson, of Stratford; Hickox and Root, of Farmington and Bronson, and Upson, of Hartford, members of the church of Rev. Thomas Hooker, with whom they came through the Wilderness, from Newtown or Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1636.

His great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Beebe, of Lyme, and later of Waterbury, was a lieutenant of Colonial forces, and distinguished in the French and Indian wars.

Ira Beebe, his great-grandfather, was a captain of Connecticut troops in the war of the Revolution*; and his grandfather, Walter Wooster, who married Ursula Beebe, daughter of Captain Ira Beebe, was a cousin of General David Wooster, and served for three years during the Revolutionary war, along the Hudson from New York to West Point, as a sergeant in the Sixth Connecticut line, under the immediate command of Washington.

His father, mother, grandmother Ursula and great-grandmother Jemima were uncompromising in their adherence to the most rigid observances of the unlovely characteristics of the early

*The following is a literal copy of an original certificate, now in my possession, written by Ira Beebe when a Lieutenant and in command of his company at Salem, the original name of Naugatuck, Connecticut:

"SALEM May the 10, 1777.

"this sertifies that Stephen Tomson Joel Tirrill Silas Lewis apear to go in the romes of Stephen warner Enoc Scot Daniel warner who have excused themselves by paying their money and giving notes: I shold be glad to have the money sent by the barer to hire these men. IRA BEEBE, Leut."

"WATERBURY May 11th, A D 1777.

"I the subscriber the bearer of the within Certificate Recd. of the Treasurer of the Town of Waterbury the sum of fifteen Pounds Lawfull money to be paid unto Stephen Tomson Joel Tirrel and Silas Lewis for engaging to join the Troops at New Haven.

"Recd Pr. me DAVID BEEBE.
"Delivered Pr. Order of Doct. Johnson.

"Lieut. Beebe's Certificate."

Connecticut Baptist †Church, and he had grown to manhood in an environment of bigotry and intoleration as cruel and unrelenting as that in Europe from which his ancestors had fled. A liberal education and a wider experience had tended to broaden his views and induce a greater toleration for the opinions of others, but

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu,"

and he never completely emancipated himself from these illiberal religious influences of his early years. This was the one feature of his home surroundings that at times disturbed the otherwise perfect accord of this union.

During her early maidenhood, and later, while following, with a zest so earnest, her studies at Canandaigua, the attention of Miss Van Etten had been called to a careful examination of the Christian faith by reason of the frequent and, in many cases, violent "religious revivals" which swept over the State of New York. Gifted with a quick observation and a keen analysis of motives, she discovered that in most of the cases coming to her notice, self-interest was the predominating incentive, and she learned to distrust "the sincerity of a conversion by which the convert is directly a gainer." She had been baptized and raised in the shadow of the Dutch Reformed Church, and she had accepted as a matter of course the creed handed down to her from so many generations. But, doubts once induced, critical examination followed, and she soon found, with others, that "faith is the power of saying you believe things which are incredible," and that "the attainment of faith, not the ascertainment of truth, is the highest aim of mental life—for the ecclesiastic;" that "Genesis is a narrative based upon legends; Exodus is not historically true; the whole Pentateuch is unhistoric and non-Mosaic; it contains the most extraordinary contradictions and impossibilities sufficient to involve the credibility of the whole—imperfections so many and so conspicuous that they would destroy the authenticity of any modern historical work."

†From record of church members of the Congregational Church in Naugatuck, Connecticut:
"Jemima Beebe, widow of Ira, admitted, 1786. Withdrawn, Baptist."

The final result, for her, was inevitable, and she went to her new life freed from the bonds that had tied her to a religion whose creed is an origin in an impossibility, and whose existence is maintained by a superstitious faith in events repugnant to the order of creation and existence. Perhaps nothing will tell the story of her religious convictions, at this period of her life, so well as extracts from a letter dated at Straitsville, February 13, 1844, written to her sister Catherine and brother-in-law Martin P. Sweet.

"DEAR BROTHER & SISTER: I have been married only about three months, & in that time I have sent you but one letter. * * * I find my existence so wound up in that of my dear husband's that life without him would now have but few sweets, or endearments for me. * * * The loss of Mother, Brothers & Sisters is fully made up in the one friend. His friends, his interests are gradually becoming my own, & I, in proportion grow indifferent to what formerly interested me. Not that I could ever think less of my dear Mother & Brothers & Sisters, but that I have forfeited, in a degree, my claim upon them for guidance & protection & have chosen to confide in another, & he is worthy of all my confidence, all the love and respect of a heart as pure & unspotted as your Sister Ann's. * * * I know you would like Mr. Collins as a brother-in-law, or a man, tho' I think him a little superstitious in regard to a few ideas he cherishes about religion. He sometimes calls me an infidel & skeptic. By the way, I have just been reading the Articles of belief & disbelief, & creed of the Community family situate near Mottsville, New York St., of which you have doubtless heard. I would send you the paper containing it, but I am anxious to retain it. A part of it, which agrees with *my* opinion, I will copy for you, in regard to religion. 'A disbelief in any special revelation of God to man, touching his will, & thereby binding upon man as authority in any arbitrary sense,—that all religions of every age & nation have their origin in the same great falsehood, namely, God's special providences. We regard the Sabbath as other days,—the clergy an imposition,—the bible as *no* author-

ity,— miracles as unphilosophical, & salvation from sin, or from punishment in a future world, through a crucified God, as a remnant of *heathenism*.'

"I shall only refer to one or two sentences in your last letter, for I wish to write of something else & when I again write the subject shall be religion if you wish. The only injustice, Martin, brother, I thought you had done me in the letter previous to this (your last) was merely that I thought you were not *very* honest. For instance; When I say God, Spirit, Eternal Life, a knowledge of a Divine Being the upholder of the Universe, such a thing as knowing that we possess favor with God, a Saviour Jesus Christ, Redemption from sin by his blood,—When I say these are (in my opinion) mere catch phrases, suited to delude ignorant mortals & save fools from the madhouse,—I do not say, nor do I wish to be understood that I disbelieve in *Love*, friendship, truth, justice, righteousness, purity of heart, or spotlessness of conscience, & its opposite, & *all* their opposites. All I find fault about is, that any person would (from reading your letter of June 21st) think I had 'discarded' these latter terms as having their existence only in crazed imaginations, which idea, it was never my intention to convey to you. I take back nothing I wrote to you on the subject. The more I think of these things the more fully do I become convinced that 'human nature' needs no change, but that it is 'pure, *noble*, *divine*,' that 'the miseries, wrongs & outrages proceed from ignorance and inexperience,' and that all this volume of experiencing religion, or coming into the kingdom, or being born again, or receiving the witness, of being a child of God, or whatever name it bears, in any party, sect, or denomination under heaven, is a monstrous relic of heathenish barbarity, still clinging fast to our race, & chaining down the mind of man till the power of flight is almost (and, in some cases, altogether) lost. I have seen it, Dear Brother, to my satisfaction & it will require *more* than *words* to again make me kneel in search of the false phantom. Let wisdom be my only teacher, Love my only governor, and truth my only Savior, & away with fires, holy ghosts, & hob-goblins."

To those sufficiently familiar with the ancient religious mind of Connecticut to read between the lines, how significant are these few terse words, given without a note of complaint, but telling, as they do, without telling, her trials in a way at once appealing to the sentiment that enables us to give sympathy and feel ennobled in the giving.

The following is found among her writings of later years and shows how she continually had before her the great mysteries of creation, existence and death, and how very near to the teachings of the Vedas, and in some respects to the principles of the later Institutes of Menu she had been conducted by her own individual philosophy, for no trace is found in any of her letters, journals or memoranda that she had studied or was familiar with the pantheism of Ancient India, and the doctrines of Emanation and final absorption:

"I fear not to return unto the hands that moulded this clay, & quickened it with an emanation from his own loving spirit, & sometimes I think I would not turn my hand over to live another day, so intently do I desire to solve the mystery of my being, & yet they say 'tis a fearful thing to die. Do we believe in another & eternal life? Do we love purity & happiness? Why then dread to die? Why fear to unite our soul to the fountain of all Goodness?"

IV.

Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul. * * And those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

Henry VIII.

IN December of the year following her marriage, a new world of love and tenderness was presented to her, and her letters thenceforward are filled with the happiness of this young mother, as she watched the dawning intelligence of her son.

She received, in June, 1845, a visit from her husband's grandmother, Ursula Beebe Wooster, and a portion of a letter to her mother will be interesting, as describing some of the characteristics of this aged lady, whose name was then upon the Pension Rolls of the United States as the daughter and widow of soldiers of the Revolution.

"DEAR MOTHER: I have just left my little boy asleep in the bed. Mr. Collins is out attending to his affairs & in the meantime I thought I would write you a line as you might be anxious to hear from us, and especially our little Holdridge Ozro.

* * * Mother Collins' Mother has been here since I came back, & stayed over a week. She is 84 years old and looks but a trifle older than you do. She stoops but very little, & is very good looking & agreeable to converse with, though I think she is very much attached to her way of worshipping our Creator. She is a Baptist. From your affectionate ANN.

"STRAITSVILLE July 12fth 1845."

That child is now past middle life, and has little ones of his own, but it will always be to him a sacred experience that his infant eyes once gazed into the venerable face of that ancient dame, whose husband had held personal intercourse with Washington, as one of his guards.

Two years later another son whom they called "Wolsey after a little brother of Mr. Collins" came to add to their happiness, but no other children were granted to her, and from this time until the family removed to the Ohio "Connecticut Reserve" she was occupied with the care and education of her boys, and in the

pursuit of those new studies which about this time attracted her attention. She became proficient in German and French and acquired such a knowledge of Italian that its literatare was at her command. Dutch was as native to her as English, for it had always been the language of her mother's fireside.

Her husband finally settled in Toledo, and she speedily became interested in many of the questions concerning the public welfare of that rapidly growing young city.

The abolition of slavery, the wretchedness and misery caused by the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquor, and the unprotected and pitiful condition of the destitute orphan appealed to the strongest emotions of her being, and the advanced position taken by her on these subjects and the vigorous appeals from her pen attracted general attention, as well to the writer as to the evils she so strongly portrayed.

A reprint of one of her productions, showing the nervous, pungent style, and the skill with which she employed the *argumentum ad hominem* will be welcome to those who hold her memory dear:

"WHO IS GOING TO DO IT?

"Here are hundreds of children without a comfortable dwelling. They are exposed, without a fault of their own, to all the evil temptations that poverty, indigence and intemperance can place before them. Healthy, bright and beautiful boys and girls, that, properly trained, would, many of them, prove a mine of wealth, in themselves, and an honor to our City. No one will deny that they need and deserve a better opportunity for the culture and enlargement of their moral and intellectual powers. The subject is very disagreeable. It grates on the sensitive part of hearing, it grinds along the nerves, it turns the music of our pets to discord, when the destitution of these children looms up before us, and their wretched wail strikes on the ear.

"But who is going to do it?

"Will any of us take a scourge and, as Christ in the Synagogue, drive them out of our City, and overthrow their habitations? Oh, no! Will any of us good people take a share of the

little ones into our families, and while we can dispose of them for six hours out of the day, in a free school, will we see that during the remaining eighteen hours they are kept from vice and evil temptations? Oh, no! Will any of us eschew the vanity of fashion, and the pleasures our labor may bring us, and devote our energies to the benefit of this class? Why, no! Have any of us enough of the spirit of our Saviour to bear his cross, forsake father, mother, brother and sister, and seek out good for "Such as are of the Kingdom of Heaven?" Oh, no! Will each of us, *professors of religion*, do so much as to implant one virtuous principle in one of these children, guard it with a parent's care, cherish it with a parent's love till it can sustain itself? No.

"God help you poor little ones. Are there no arms open to receive you; no hearts large enough to take you in? Is there no warm Altar hearth at which you may 'kneel at eventide?' Are your little arms never clasped around a loving neck? Do your lips never get a good-night kiss? Are there no mother's wings to shield you from the frightful curses and horrid blasphemies your ears should never hear? Will none of the good Angels from Heaven, who watch your slumber, lift the burning tear from your soft cheeks, and with it melt the hearts of some of *us*, for whom Christ died to save? Must you never receive the balm of loving care in early morn, and go forth as a bright sunbeam, to dispel clouds from the brow of age? Are you doomed to grow up in ignorance of all that is good and pure, neglected and uncared for, a disgrace to our City, and the name of Charity? And are we not thousands, with means to clothe and feed ourselves and offspring sumptuously every day, who bear the name (if not the cross) of Christ, and shall we see you destitute or needy and not administer unto you? Shall we leave you without any chance of fitting yourselves to honorably practice the duties of your life so to prepare your souls for Heaven?

"You miserable beings, without the soul of man, or heart of woman, who rise from a bed of debauchery and indolence to pamper your selfish appetites on the dainties and luxuries of life, and feast your passions at the expense of the simple minded, the vir-

The stanzas prefixed to this book, which were published at a time when her active philanthropy began to bear its certain fruits, are but one of the many grateful memorials that she was not without honor in her own country and in her own house.

IN stature, she was a little below medium height. With a very fair complexion, her eyes were deep blue, surmounted by a forehead too high and expansive for the artistic type of female beauty, but shaded with a wealth of light brown hair. Her nose was large and slightly aquiline; the lips firm and decided, and her smile showed a dimple in the right cheek. Her voice was low and gentle, but clear and penetrating, and she possessed the happy faculty of making herself distinctly understood in a large assembly, without any apparent unusual effort.

She was gifted with a rare eloquence of diction, both in her writings and in her speech, and that tyranny of absolutism which is, perhaps, unconsciously exercised by superior minds, was, in her, modified by a graceful personality and a gentle consideration for prejudices of education and differences in opinion of others.

In her philanthropy, she stood upon the level plain of equality with all whose hearts were open to protect the friendless and help the distressed, but in her social life she was exclusive and reserved, admitting but few to her intimacy, for her weakness was in her pride of ancestry,

"That never relish'd of a base descent."

She was essentially an Aristocrat in a Republic.

Her children inherited the characteristics of her people rather than those of her husband's ancestors. Wolsey, the younger son, was a typical Dutch boy in his physical and mental organization. He had very light blue eyes, hair almost white, a complexion of milk, and a disposition of invincible obstinacy. A daguerreotype of him, taken when a boy, has been said, by competent judges, to represent a child of Holland of the present day, while the French blood is shown in the black eyes, dark hair, olive skin and saturnine cast of features of the older son.

The fathomless profound of her tenderness environed her sons, and the sleepless vigilance and tender solicitude with which she directed their physical, moral, and intellectual education were to her but a part of her infinite love.

She died young and in the perfection of womanhood, but not without the certainty that her teachings and example would not be entirely forgotten in those youthful minds; and the survivor of those two boys, now, when he perceives the shadows of life's sunset beginning slowly to stretch their arms towards him, obeys the command, "write this for a memorial in a book," and, though realizing his inability to do justice to the virtues of her,

"The most noble mother of the world,"

yet for the sake of his children and his children's children, he has inscribed this record that they may have the example of this lovely character, "and that these days should be remembered and kept throughout every generation, every family, nor the memorial of them perish from their seed."

MEMORANDA.

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